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[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

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25	1 0 0	1 5 10	1 10 11	1 16 9	2 3 8
30	1 6 4	2 12 2	1 19 1	2 7 4	2 17 6
35	1 16 1	2 4 4	2 14 6	3 7 3	4 3 4
40	2 16 7	3 9 4	4 5 5	5 6 3	6 13 7

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				£. s. d.	£. s. d.
10	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
15	338 19 2	242 3 0	580 6 7	5396 6 7	5396 6 7
20	351 13 0	250 13 0	766 5 3	7665 3	7665 3
25	424 15 0	363 6 0	787 2 8	5787 2 8	5787 2 8
30	433 15 0	380 6 0	813 15 6	5813 15 6	5813 15 6
35	447 10 0	405 16 5	854 6 5	5854 6 5	5854 6 5
40	477 18 4	445 19 9	923 18 1	5923 18 1	5923 18 1
45	511 10 0	480 19 9	984 18 1	6084 18 1	6084 18 1
50	571 3 0	534 19 7	1129 15 7	6129 15 7	6129 15 7

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TION.**—The Second Anniversary Dinner of the Members
was held June 13th, at Messrs. Lovelace's, West India Dock
Tavern, Blackwall.

ANDREW SPOTTISWOODE, Esq. in the Chair,
when the Treasurer reported that the sum invested in Govern-
ment Securities, and in the hands of the Bankers, amounted to £20,000.

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tions were handed to the Treasurer:—

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By the EDITOR of "THE ARCANA

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1839.

REVIEWS

Memoirs of the Life and Times of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan. By his Son, Henry Grattan, Esq., M.P. Vols. I. and II. Colburn. In the list of persons who have illustrated, by their talents and virtues, the latter half of the past century, and the beginning of the present, the name of Henry Grattan stands deservedly prominent. Connected intimately with the Irish Revolution of 1782, and with that long and painful struggle which cannot be said to have ended with the emancipation of the Roman Catholic subjects of Great Britain, his time (in the words of his son and biographer) "comprises all that is valuable in the history of Ireland." It was a period prolific of great men, and marked by great events,—events which have exercised a vast influence on the destinies of the empire, and may, perhaps, produce others, in coming time, of still major import,—yet we cannot but think that more than sufficient delay has preceded the appearance of this life, and that the race of those still interested in the events described is rapidly drawing to a close. Towards Ireland and its affairs there exists a considerable distaste among public men; and if they who have contributed, by their legislative and administrative efforts, to make and to keep that country what it is, shrink from a contemplation of their own work, and profess their fatigue at the protracted restlessness and discontent which follow on persecution and oppression, well may they who have expended their best energies in extorting a few scanty measures of relief, turn with disgust from the spectacle of folly unenlightened by experience, and of bigotry unshamed by exposure. Notwithstanding the prominence given to Irish matters in the debates of Parliament, and the time which is lost in the vain endeavour to do everything for the country—sane and except that simple justice which can alone effectually terminate any national discussion—notwithstanding that Ireland forms the daily topic of newspaper editors, and the nightly theme of the legislative alarmists, it cannot be said with propriety that its interests occupy any large share of the public attention. The history of the rise and fall of the Parliamentary Independence of Ireland, more especially, though so important to that country, is but an episode in the annals of the empire; and however instructive to an Englishman, as exhibiting the spirit and tendency of the successive administrations which produced the events, and of the oligarchy which upheld and approved them, it will, we fear, fail to obtain due consideration, save with those more penetrating and exalted spirits, which can rise from details to generals, and pursue causes to their consequences,—with which nothing is remote or provincial that touches the liberties and happiness of man, nothing insignificant that is unjust,—and with which history is indeed what it professes to be—philosophy teaching by examples. Mr. Grattan entered the walls of the British Parliament too late in life to take a firm hold of the memories and affections of the British public; and though he survived to make his virtues respected, and his eloquence famous among his colleagues of the imperial legislature, it cannot be imagined that his name is endeared to the mere Englishman by any very vivid associations.

On this occasion, however, we may say, better late than never. A memoir of Grattan was wanting to the national biography: the memory of the patriots and of the political jobbers of his day should not be allowed to perish; and the examples to be collected from a record of the intimate con-

nexion between bad government and danger—between oppression and weakness—of the utility of justice, and the downright folly of tyrannical contempt of right, may be more especially valuable to a people upon whom abstract reason is so generally lost, and who disregard all wisdom which is not special and particular. To those who are acquainted with the politics, literature, and society of the last generation, the biography of Mr. Grattan must afford a variety of anecdote, and a constellation of eminent names, enriched by pleasant associations; while to humbler and less largely furnished intellects, the memory of his days addresses itself, as displaying, under the simplest form, and in the most vivid colours, the evils of a corrupt and anti-national government, the close connexion of politics with morals, and of both with individual happiness and national prosperity. In England, a long course of physical and material success, the result of national industry, has controlled, and sometimes surmounted the influence of bad counsels and false principles of government; but, in Ireland, the evil has long existed pure, unmingled, and unmitigated; prominent to the least apprehensive observation, and intelligible to the simplest intellect.

The present publication, forming only the commencement of the work, extends to the close of the first act of Mr. Grattan's political career—to the declaration of Irish independence. The merits or demerits of the execution consist rather in the details than the outline, for on the principles of the Irish revolution, as it was justly called, and the lawfulness and necessity of that movement, there is nothing new to be said. No one who does not detest constitutional liberty will now maintain that the claims of Ireland were not abstractly just; or that a case had not been created by the government, in the accumulation of every abuse, insult, and national degradation, to render the practical assertion of right imperatively necessary. Here, therefore, the biographer has little more to do than to fill up the public records of the day with such personal particulars of Mr. Grattan and his contemporaries as are necessary to distinguish biography from formal history. In the discharge of this task the author has produced an agreeable work, written with more temper than might have been expected from his known warmth of feeling on all that concerns the injuries of his country, or his close connexion with the subject of his memoir. His filial piety, indeed, albeit coinciding with his political leanings, has not misled him into any over-estimate of his father's merits, nor any niggardly injustice to that great man's associates. As the work is singularly exempt from contentious matter, we shall confine ourselves to a few extracts, selected rather for their disconnection than their connexion with the main subject, and at the same time possessing something of anecdotic interest. Our first specimen relates to Mr. Grattan's singular mode of exercising himself for a public speaker: it refers to the period of his residence in England, for the purpose of eating his way through Temple commons, to the privilege of practising at the Irish bar.

Mr. Grattan's manner at this time was so singular, that at one of the places where he resided with his friend Day, the landlady imagined, not only that he was an eccentric character, but that he was deranged; and she complained to one of his friends that the gentleman used to walk up and down in her garden most of the night, speaking to himself; and, though alone, he was addressing some one on all occasions by the name of 'Mr. Speaker,' that it was not possible he could be in his senses, and she begged they would take him away: and that if they did, she would forgive him all the rent that was due! A letter that I have received from his friend Day, gives a more exact account of his manner of living and his occu-

pation at that period.—⁴ We lived in the same chambers in the Middle Temple, and took a house in Windsor Forest, commanding a beautiful landscape; he delighted in romantic scenery. Between both, we lived together three or four years, the happiest period of my life. • He would spend whole moonlight nights rambling and losing himself in the thickest plantations. He would sometimes pause and address a tree in soliloquy, thus preparing himself early for that assembly which he was destined in later life to adorn. One morning he amused us at breakfast, with an adventure of the night before, in the forest. In one of those midnight rambles he stopped at a gibbet, and commenced apostrophizing the chains in his usual animated strain, when he suddenly felt a tap on his shoulder, and on turning about, was accosted by an unknown person—How the devil did you get down? To which the rambler calmly replied—Sir, I suppose you have an interest in that question! "

This habit seems to have stuck to the orator through life. We have frequently heard a friend of his declare that Mr. Grattan was in the habit of spending hours in the solitary perambulation of his garden at Tenneyhinch, trying conclusions of style, and storing his memory with periods for effect, there to lie ready for application on a future occasion. It was mentioned that one of the most effective of his bursts of personal vituperation was recognized as having been thus conned beforehand in the abstract, by a striking passage accidentally overheard in the moment of concoction, by the narrator, at a previous epoch, when joining his illustrious friend on a morning visit. It is worthy of remark that Sheridan employed the same method of preparing his impromptu witticisms, of which Mr. Moore produced the evidence from the papers of the dramatist; and we fancy that, had we the means of inquiring, we should discover a great majority of the happy accidents of debate to depend upon a similar preparation. The following contains a condensed yet full account of the private theatricals which form so striking a feature in the social history of Ireland of that day. That so many persons of political eminence should have indulged in this amusement amidst the excitements of political life, is a striking evidence of the literary taste of the times:—

Mr. Grattan was always a great admirer of the stage. It was the taste of the day. The Irish are a nation of actors; they speak like the French, and think in action; and their mind is inventive and figurative. Plays were at this period the fashion in Ireland. So early as 1759, private theatricals were represented at Lurgan, the seat of Mr. William Brownlow, that model for a country gentleman and patriot. In 1760 at Castletown, the seat of Mr. Conolly, the relation of Lord Townshend, the first part of Henry IV. was represented, and the epilogue was spoken by Mr. Hussey Burgh. At Carton, in 1761, the seat of the Earl of Kildare, afterwards Duke of Leinster, the Beggar's Opera was acted; and the prologue was spoken by Dean Marlay (Mr. Grattan's uncle.) The parts of the play were acted by Lord Charlemont, Viscount Powerscourt, Mr. Conolly, Lady Louisa Conolly, and the Countess of Kildare. In 1774, Knocktopher, Farmly, and Kilfane, in the county of Kilkenny, the country residences of Sir Hercules Langrishe, Mr. Flood, and Mr. Bushe, were distinguished by similar dramatic performances. Mr. Flood acted Macbeth—Mr. Grattan Macduff. At Marlay, the seat of Mr. La Touche, in the county of Dublin, the Mask of Comus was acted, in which Mr. Grattan, Mr. Burgh, and Mr. Bushe performed along with seventeen of the La Touche family (a name celebrated for the excellency of its possessors, the beauty of their persons, the suavity of their manners, and their kind and gentle disposition). Mr. Grattan composed the epilogue, which was spoken by Miss La Touche, that famous beauty, afterwards Countess of Lanesborough. In 1778, Mr. Luke Gardiner, afterwards Lord Mountjoy, had a private theatre at his residence in the Phoenix Park, when Mr. Bushe and Mr. Isaac Corry

acted;—and at a much later period these private theatricals were revived in the county of Kilkenny, where Mr. Richard Power, Mr. Rothe, Mr. Corry, Mr. Lyster, and Mr. Thomas Moore (the bard of Ireland) acted—cultivating at once taste, talent, and character; and displaying qualities that adorned and embellished private society."

The account of Celbridge Abbey, the quondam residence of Swift's Vanessa, may be thought interesting by those who have not forgotten that such persons as Swift and Pope once lived and wrote:

"As allusion has been made to the place which at this period of his life Mr. Grattan was so fond of frequenting, it may not perhaps appear far-fetched or inappropriate to indulge in a few sentences on its description. The regard he entertained for its proprietor, (Colonel Marlay,) induced him frequently to visit this spot; and his attachment to the country, his love of rural scenery, often guided his steps thither, where he found his literary recollections revived, and the history of his country, associated with the name of Swift, whose Irish spirit he used to admire, though not his tory principles. These various impressions caused him to entertain a great attachment for the Abbey at Celbridge; its calm retirement—its green retreat—its lofty trees—its shady walks—the smooth and sloping banks of the Liffey—and, in particular, the Bower of Vanessa—seemed to have a peculiar charm, and to inspire him with a sentimental patriotism; it was situated on a small island, formed by a branch of the river, below a picturesque narrow bridge, of Irish antiquity, which was overhung with ivy, and stretched its lofty arches across the water above that secluded spot. A mass of evergreens and laurel, mixed with yew and box-trees, and solemn cypress, shaded the place, and rendered it almost impervious to the rays of the sun; roses, jessamine, and honeysuckle, entwined the classic bower, and the green around was covered with flowers of all hues.

The rather primrose, that forsaken dies;
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine;
The white pink, and the pansy streaked with jet;
The glowing violet.—

The musk rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine.—

With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head.

"This was the favourite spot to which Mr. Grattan loved to retire; there he used to read and compose, and meditate upon his country's wrongs—thinking upon the spirit of those who were no more, but who had left a hallowed influence around, and that undying love of liberty 'which was, and is, and is to come.' On the day that Ireland regained her freedom, he invoked the name of its ancient inhabitant, and at the commencement of his splendid speech he exclaims, 'Spirit of Molyneux! Spirit of Swift! your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation!' On the death of Colonel Marlay, the place descended to his brother, the Dean, afterwards Bishop of Clonfert."

It is now, we believe, or recently was, a cotton manufactory.

The following specimen of Irish rhetoric is highly characteristic. It occurs in a reply made by Yelverton to Mr. Fitzgibbon, afterwards Lord Clare, on the occasion of an attack made by him on Grattan, who was at the time absent from the house:—

"The learned gentleman has stated what Mr. Grattan is; I will state what he is not; he is not sted in his prejudices; he does not trample on the resuscitation of his country, or live like a caterpillar, on the decline of her prosperity; he does not stickle for the letter of the constitution with the affection of a prude, and abandon its principles with the effrontery of a prostitute."

Our next extract turns on a graver matter, the charge so frequently made against the government of fomenting the rebellion of 1792, with a view to bring on the union of the two countries. The person alluded to in the opening is the late Lord Clonmel:—

"The following anecdote, which reflects such credit upon his character, was communicated by one of his own relations. Shortly before his death, he sent for his nephew, Dean Scott, got him to examine his papers, and destroy those that were useless. There were many relating to politics, that disclosed the conduct of the Irish Government at the period of the disturbances in 1798. There was one letter in particular, which fully showed their duplicity, and

that they might have crushed the rebellion; but that they let it go on, on purpose to carry the Union, and that this was their design. When Lord Clonmel was dying, he stated this to Dean Scott, and made him destroy the letter; he further added, that he had gone to the Lord Lieutenant, and told him, that as they knew of the proceedings of the disaffected, it was wrong to permit them to go on—that the Government, having it in their power, should crush them at once, and prevent the insurrection. He was coldly received, and found that his advice was not relished. That of Lord Clare, Mr. Foster, and Bishop Agar had predominated; and, in consequence, he was not summoned to attend the Privy Council on business of State.—(His health not being good, was advanced as the excuse). On ordinary affairs, however, he still received a summons. As an instance of the knowledge the Government had of the persons engaged in the rebellion, Lord Clonmel mentioned this extraordinary circumstance,—that, previous to it, he had been visited one evening by a person in the middle ranks of life, with whom he had been well acquainted. This man told him how much he valued him, and that his life was in danger; that some persons, well known to him, (the speaker,) meant to make him their victim; that, as his health was not good, a colourable pretence afforded itself for his going off to England with his family, and that if he did not, he would be assassinated. Lord Clonmel thanked him, told him he valued his own life very much, but that he valued *his* also, and therefore would wish him to go off to England instantly; for that he was suspected, and known to Government. The man would not believe it possible. Lord Clonmel then told him where he had been, with whom, and what he had been doing on such and such particular nights; that Government knew everything connected with the movements of the conspirators; and that in a short time he would be seized, and probably executed. The man was terrified, and went off to England the next day. The night after, Government sent to his house to apprehend him, but he was gone! To Lord Clonmel he owed his life. Any comment on these extraordinary facts would be superfluous. Posterity will pronounce its sentence; and another more awful tribunal—that which awaits man hereafter!"

Towards the close of the second volume is a correspondence between the Lord Lieutenant (Buckingham) and the ministers in England, recommending for preferment the persons who had given their influence as members of the two houses of Parliament against the popular cause—for a consideration. We make a short extract from a letter to Lord North:—

"With respect to the noblemen and gentlemen whose requests have not succeeded, I must say that no man can see the inconvenience of increasing the number of peers more forcibly than myself; but the recommendations of many of those persons submitted to His Majesty for that honour, arose from engagements taken up at the press of the moment, to secure questions upon which the English Government were very particularly anxious. My sentiments cannot but be the same with respect to the Privy Council and pensions, and I had not contracted any absolute engagements of recommendation either to peerage or pension, till difficulties arose which necessarily occasioned so much and so forcibly communicated anxiety in His Majesty's Cabinet; that I must have been culpable in neglecting any possible means of securing a majority in the House of Commons."

It is certainly not on account of the rarity and novelty of such transactions that we have indulged in this extract; but it is not every day that we catch a criminal pleading guilty. Such scandalous bargaining has ever constituted what is called doing the king's business: doing his business with a vengeance! for such is the conduct that brings thrones into jeopardy, and leads to the most deplorable re-actions.

The narrative of Mr. Grattan's life is interspersed with frequent sketches of contemporary personages, executed with considerable liveliness and ability. These will be perused with pleasure by the Irish reader, and by the few persons yet alive who were acquainted with the subjects.

A Summer in Andalucia. 2 vols. Bentley. Within the last six or eight months, two works have appeared giving an account of travels in Andalucia. One, a 'Journal of Excursions in the Mountains of Ronda and Granada,' (Athen. No. 578,) is the avowed production of Capt. Scott; while the other, now before us, being the narrative of a summer spent in Andalucia, although an anonymous publication, appears to us to have issued from the same pen.

Few persons, in the present state of the Peninsula, venture to travel there; or if any do, their excursions are generally confined to its southern coasts, or to short visits to some of its principal cities, where curiosity can be easily satisfied by gazing on the relics of Roman or Phœnician domination, or the glittering palaces, and towering castles of the Saracen invaders. To these advantages, which Andalucia possesses above all other provinces, it unites that of being at present free from civil war; and the traveller, therefore, is not shocked by the misery, starvation, and other heart-rending scenes which the present savage contest has rendered common in almost every other province of that unhappy country. Another circumstance which contributes to make Andalucia a desirable field of observation for those who wish to investigate the manners and customs of the people, is that of its being the part of the Peninsula where the nationality—we mean that which has sprung from a mixture of the Northern and African races—has been preserved almost intact, having resisted alike the encroachment of fashion, and the progress of all-leveling civilization. Of course, a description of society and manners in a particular province of the Peninsula will not add much to our stock of information respecting Spain generally, for there exists as much difference between an inhabitant of Andalucia and one of Castile or Catalonia, as between an Englishman and a Russian: but still Spain is a country little visited, and worse described; and whoever feels any interest about it, must be gratified with a glimpse of light, however faint it may be, and upon whatever object it may fall.

After landing at Lisbon—which, though slowly improving, still continues the filthiest capital in Europe—and visiting Cintra and the environs, our traveller embarked for Cadiz, and soon afterwards for Seville, where the Cathedral, the Alcazar, the remains of Roman and Arabian architecture, soon engrossed his attention, and compelled him to make a seasonable stay. All these, the author has described with the most minute details; but the Cathedral itself, that half-Arabian and half-Gothic pile, seems to have produced the most effect upon him:—

"It is an epoch in one's life (he says) to see Seville Cathedral. Its outlines, forms, and hues, once beheld, are indelibly impressed upon the memory—remembered with a reverent love—and in after-years will haunt the imagination with a vividness and reality almost startling. Has the stranger visited it at break of day, when the earliest rays of the sun play high on the columns and groined roofs, leaving all below still buried in shade—when the matin prayer and chant arose, wreathed in incense, from the suppliant bœf before the altar?—Has he watched the light creeping down the pillars, and increasing in brilliancy, till what was before obscure, became definite and distinct; till the noonday blaze, softened, mellowed, and tinged, was diffused throughout, penetrating the darkest recesses of the building, and making the whole stand forth in its fair proportions, a wondrous creation of art, with almost the sublimity of nature?—Has he beheld the long train of priests, marching in stately procession through the aisles, with glimmering tapers, glittering banners, and clouds of incense?—Has he visited it at the hour of evening prayer, when the dying light of day accorded so well with the exercise of devotion

—when the blaze from the high altar threw a more mysterious gloom around, dimly and doubtfully re-

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vealing the rest of the church—when the organ pealed unseen from above, a chorus, as it were, of celestial music?—Or still later, when, as the shades of twilight deepened, the soaring roofs were lost to the eye, and the huge columns seemed to stretch up into boundless space—when the tapers before some far-off shrine seemed burning at an indefinite distance?—Or, in the hour of silence, solitude, and darkness, has he paced the deserted aisles, and experienced the tremendous sense of remaining alone with the Deity?—Has he witnessed and felt all this? his mind must have been irresistibly and profoundly impressed, and he must have owned,

That in such moments, there was life and food
For future years!"

A book of travels in Spain, without a picture of that most characteristic of Spanish scenes, the bull-fight, would be an anomaly. Accordingly, an entire chapter has been consecrated by our author to a description of this national sport, such as he witnessed it in Seville. His picture is lively, interesting, and faithful. He seems to have taken incredible pains to give his readers an idea of the whole performance, from the first flourish of trumpets, announcing the clearing of the arena, down to the moment when the bull and the slain horses are dragged out of the amphitheatre, to make room for new victims. He has described most minutely the attitudes, the figures, and the dress of the performers; he has given us their names, and the amount of their pay; and, in order that his readers might have the full benefit of his description, he has translated the whole of the hand-bill, and copied the table of prices. At the close of the same chapter, he decides, in a few words, that much controverted, and yet unsettled question, whether the bull-fight be a sport of Moorish or Roman origin. He tells us confidently, that it "is a relic of Moorish days;" but unless he adduce better proofs than the romance referred to at p. 251, his arguments will not settle the dispute, for the romance is not a translation from the Arabic, as he supposes, nor indeed "ancient," but the production of a well-known poet of the sixteenth century.

From Seville, our traveller proceeded through Carmona and Ecija, to Cordoba, once the city of Arabian palaces, the Bagdad of the West, the centre of luxury, civilization, and learning, when ignorance and barbarism prevailed over the rest of Europe—a capital containing, in the tenth century, several hundred thousand inhabitants, 300 mosques, 900 baths, and 600 inns—now, a miserable, ruinous place, inhabited by a few thousand half-starving families. Such is the impression which the decayed city generally produces on travellers when they enter its gates, and the author, romantic as he is, and with a head full of the days of Moorish history, could not help remarking—

"A confused assemblage of towers, spires, and houses, white, yellow, and grey, without regularity, and generally mean and ruinous—a huge square mass of building, the Cathedral rising in the centre, and the whole enclosed by walls, here and there entire, but mostly in ruins, with broken towers and时间-worn ramparts;—this is Cordoba of the present day!—how fallen from her former splendour!"

Cordoba has little that is worthy of notice, except its Cathedral, or rather, its mosque, for, strange to say, the Spaniards, to this day, call it *la mezquita*. There is, it is true, a Roman gateway, with its *miliaria* still standing—a bridge supposed to have been built by Augustus, although it must have undergone considerable repairs under the Arabs, and some remains of the old walls said to be Phoenician; but the primary object of interest is the mosque. Of course our author, who professes himself a lover of antiquity, under whatever form it presents itself, and who claims to be considered as an Oriental scholar, if we are to judge by some Arabic and Hebrew words with which he has

thought fit to ornament his volumes, would not fail to give us a description of that most singular building; but we regret to say, that his account contains nothing new.

In our opinion, the beauties of the mosque of Cordoba have been much over-rated. Externally, there is nothing to excite attention, except a few horse-shoe gateways. Walls of yellow stone, with heavy buttresses and notched battlements, give it more the appearance of a fortress, or one of those fortified convents scattered over the plains of Palestine, than of a building destined for religious purposes, in the heart of a wealthy and populous city; and on entering, the low roof, the dark aisles, and the intricate labyrinth of small and slender columns with which the eye is perplexed, justify the remark of a late traveller, who compared it to a plantation of young trees. It is, however, a curious circumstance, overlooked by most travellers, that the whole building was principally constructed with materials taken from Greek and Roman temples in and out of the Peninsula. Ambrosio Morales, himself a native of Cordoba, was, we believe, the first who hinted that the materials of a temple of Janus, consecrated to Christian worship during the period of the Gothic domination, had served for the construction of the mosque. Our traveller Swinburne also expresses an opinion, that some, if not all, the columns and capitals, were the remains of Roman temples; and he was not mistaken, for the Arabian writers themselves tell us, that out of the 1,200 columns—now reduced to about 854—which once supported its low roof, 115 came from Nismes and Narbonne, in France, 60 from Seville and Tarragona, in Spain, 140 were presented by Leo, Emperor of Constantinople, and the remainder were detached from the temples at Carthage and other cities of Africa; and, if closely examined, it will be found, that the columns are in no way uniform—some are of jasper, porphyry, verd-antique, and the choicest marbles—their diameters are not equal throughout, the shafts of some which were too long having been either sawed off, or sunk into the floor to a depth of four, and even five and six feet; and when too short, the deficiency was supplied by means of a huge and disproportionate Corinthian capital—thus destroying all harmony and uniformity. This passion of the Arabs for appropriating the remains of Roman temples and cities has always been, and is still general throughout their dominions; and it is worthy of remark, that wherever they settled, the materials of their buildings were seldom extracted from the quarry. From the Tigris to the Orontes, from the Nile to the Guadalquivir, the cities of the first settlers are entirely built from the wreck of former cities, castles, and fortresses. Ctesiphon and Babylon furnished materials for the private and public buildings of Bagdad; Misr was transformed into the modern Cairo; Tunis rose out of the ruins of Carthage; and, in Spain, it may be confidently asserted that few are the Roman cities whose site was not changed by the conquerors, by transporting their materials to a distance of two, three, and even more miles, from the original spot whereon they stood: this being principally the case whenever the deserted city occupied the centre of a plain or valley; for the Arabs, from habit, as well as from an instinct of self-preservation, always chose to locate themselves on high ground, as most susceptible of defence. Thus, Granada was built with the ruins of Illiberis, a Roman town, two miles distant from it; Xerez and Ronda rose out of those of Assido and Acinippo; Vigi supplied them with materials for Almeria; and there is every reason to believe, that the site of ancient Cordoba, the *Corduba* of Marcellus, afterwards called *Colonia Patricia*, was on the opposite bank of the Guadalquivir.

We may mention here a strange mistake into which the author has fallen, from his ignorance of the interior arrangement of a mosque. "The only erection," he says, "in the centre of the mosque, in its original state, was a *minbar*, or pulpit, an apartment about forty feet square. It still remains, but so blocked up by the modern choir as hardly to attract attention." Now, there is no place in a mosque called *minbar*; the author must mean the *makurah*, or place destined for the officiating priest, and for the sultan and his favourites, whenever they attended public prayers. Within its precincts was a raised platform, surrounded by a screen or grating, to protect the sovereign from the poignard of the assassin—a custom introduced by the first Khalif of the house of Omeyyah, whose life was attempted while at his devotions in the mosque. This and no other must be the spot alluded to by the author, for the *minbar* answers exactly to our pulpit, only that those in Mohammedan temples are generally made of wood, and placed upon wheels, so as to be conveniently moved from one side of the *makurah* to another. The Arabian writers have, with their accustomed prolixity, described a magnificent pulpit, which the famous Almansur ordered to be made, and presented to the mosque of Cordoba. It was, they say, composed of 36,000 small pieces of sandal, aloe, and other odoriferous woods, worked into mosaic patterns of the most exquisite design, the whole being fastened together by means of gold and silver nails. The original cost of each separate piece of wood, which were occasionally adorned with precious stones, amounted to seven *dirhems*, or about five shillings. It is singular enough that both Morales and Ruano, native chroniclers of Cordoba, describe a huge machine of this kind called the *Carro de Almansur* (the Chariot of Almansur), which existed, down to the sixteenth century, in one of the lumber-rooms of the cathedral; it was then taken to pieces, and the materials used in constructing or adorning the altar-piece and the choir.

From Cordoba to Granada there is no carriage road; the only means of conveyance are mules, which start in long trains and at fixed times, like the caravans of the East. This mode of travelling, our author justly observes, is a relic of Moorish days:—

"In Spain, as in the East, the general mode of travelling is in armed caravans, a mode naturally adopted in both lands as a security against the predatory bands which infest them; the only difference is, that the mule is used in one case, and the camel in the other—both being best adapted to the nature of their respective countries. In Spain, as in the East, travellers are accustomed to carry their provisions with them, and look to an inn not so much as a place where they can procure refreshments, as where they may rest themselves and their beasts from the noon-day sun, and eat in comfort whatever they have brought with them. In Spain, as in the East, the traveller often eats and sleeps in the same room with his cattle—sleeps, too, on the bed he has brought with him, in the one case a *manta*, in the other a mat. In almost every respect is the Spanish *venta* a counterpart of the Eastern *khan*. If the state of internal communication in any country be a true test of its civilization, then must Spain rank much below every other Christian country of Europe, and be classed with the semi-barbarous nations of Arabia and Egypt."

The description of his dinner at one of these *posadas* in the Moorish city of Baena is highly characteristic of eastern manners:—

"Our dining-room was a small white-washed chamber on one side the entrance to the *posada*. A low small table, and a few broken seats which could not be called chairs, composed the furniture. Loaves of dark bread were ranged round the table; no knives were provided, but this deficiency was soon supplied from the sashes of the travellers, who pulling out their *navajas*, or clasp-knives, quickly hacked th

bread into slices. Soup ushered in the repast ; it was *sopa de pan*, or bread-soup—a slop, of bread soaked in hot water, with a plentiful seasoning of garlic to redeem it from the charge of insipidity. The guests did not trouble themselves, or rather the hostess did not trouble them with plates—except myself, who, as a stranger, was indulged with one—but thrusting their wooden spoons simultaneously into the dish, they transferred the steaming contents to their mouths. Then followed a large deep pan with the *puchero*—a host of vegetables topped by sundry pieces of stringy meat, bacon, and a huge fowl. This last, which had welcomed our arrival in the morning with its cackle, was now seized by Luis, our self-installed master of the ceremonies, who tore its limbs unmercifully asunder with his dingy hands, and proceeded to separate the meat with his knife and spoon. With true Spanish courtesy towards strangers, no one would commence until my plate was filled, then each thought only of himself, taking up the *garbanzos* and gravy with his spoon, seizing with his fingers pieces of the fowl and beef, or harpooning the meat in a more refined fashion with the point of his *navaja*. Two glasses only were allowed us, though eight in company ; the water was brought in one earthen jug, the wine in another ; when the latter was empty, it was replenished from the leatheren *bota*, which had accompanied us from Córdoba, and which the muleteers preferred applying to their mouths. Our meal wound up with a dessert of oranges, while Luis seizing my *navaja*, commenced picking his teeth with the sharp point ; and proceeded to chop up the end of a cigar on the table, rolling up the fragments in a slip of paper. Then extracting from the recesses of his breeches a flat piece of steel with a scrap of German tinder, he laid them together, and striking the metal with a small flint, applied the light thus produced to the end of his *cigarillo*, and lolling back in his chair, was soon lost in the fragrant vapour.”

Although our author did not actually encounter any of the numerous bands of brigands which infest that unhappy country, he seems to have been always in constant dread of them, and ready to repel aggression with force. During his stay at Seville, he never went out without a brace of pistols; in his excursions through the country he went, like most other travellers, armed with a rifle, the priming of which he examined carefully whenever the caravan defiled near to a wood or a high projecting rock. On one occasion, near Granada, two travelling parties met unexpectedly, mistook each other for robbers, levelled their pieces, and were about to fire, when a short and angry parley ensued, and their mutual error was discovered. On another occasion, on the road between Baena and Granada, our traveller fired on some strangers, merely because one of the muleteers suspected them to be robbers. But let the reader judge from his own words of the rate at which life is valued in Spain:—

"We were jogging along at the usual rate, when the mule-bell suddenly ceased, and the whole caravan came to a halt. One of the men from the van came back on foot, and addressed a few words in a low tone to Luis, who answered with '*Demonio!*' and immediately unslung his musket and examined the priming. '*ladrones! ladrones! las escopetas! las escopetas!*'—Robbers! robbers! the muskets! the muskets! was passed along the line, and those who had arms followed the example of Luis, and assembling to the number of half a dozen, climbed a steep bank by the road-side. I had a musket, and escaping from a muleteer who wished to possess himself of it, mounted with the rest. I could see nothing—all was intensely dark. We hailed several times, but no answer was returned. Luis then exclaimed, 'If you don't speak, we fire!'—he was answered by a clicking sound, as though some one below were cocking his piece. He at once fired in the direction of the noise, on which a rustling was heard in the bushes below; and then two or three of us fired at random, apparently not without effect, for a cry, as of a person wounded, succeeded the last shot. We reloaded our pieces, waited some little time in expectation of an attack, and then remounted. The muleteer in the van had seen three or four dark figures cross the

road, and climb the bank, behind which they seemed to crouch in ambush. Their stealthy movements first, and their silence afterwards, were sufficiently indicative of their bad intentions. However, we were either not the party they intended to waylay, or they found us too powerful for them, and consequently abandoned their proposed attack. They might easily have picked off two or three of us had they pleased, for our bodies, as we stood on the bank, must have been to them distinctly visible, thrown strongly against the sky. Why they did not, is hard to say; they might have been anxious not to lose their anticipated prey, which they would in this case have done, supposing, as is most probable, that it was coming from Baena; for had any of us been injured we should have returned and alarmed the town."

Our traveller at last reaches Granada, which he calls "the land of his affection," and "the spot of all others that from his childhood he had most burned to behold." We shall not attempt to follow him in his rambles through the Moorish city, nor in his minute inspection of every one of its antiquities, nor in his description of the Alhambra, and its rival, the palace of Charles V. With the aid of a *cicerone*—rather an exotic plant in Spain—one Mateo Ximenez by name, whom Washington Irving employed and brought into notice, he explored the whole city and its environs. The result of his observations fills a good portion of the first and about half of the second volume, for, of all places in Spain, Granada seems to be the spot he relished and liked the most, as well as that where he stayed the longest; but, in general, there is but little of originality

but, in general, there is but little or originally in his remarks;—they may amuse the reader, but he will glean from them but little information: indeed, throughout the work the attempts at erudition fail almost without exception. For instance, the foundations of the fortress of the Alhambra were not laid by Mohammed Alamin, the successor of Ibn Alahmar, as here asserted, but by Abdallah Ibn Balkin, nearly two hundred years before. Again, *Alcazaba* is not derived from the Arabic *al-Kasab*, treasury; first, the word spelt as by the author means *gau*, not treasury; and then *Alcazaba* is from *Kassabah*, which in Arabic means the heart, the centre of a city; and, as in all eastern towns, that part is surrounded by high walls and contains the palace of the Sultan and the houses of the nobles, the word *Kassabah* has, in the course of time, been applied to every citadel, or strongly fortified inclosure in the centre of a Moorish city. In his quotations, too, from the popular poetry of Spain—the ancient Romances—and the numerous proverbs with which his narrative is interspersed, the writer has not been more fortunate; he has, indeed, occasionally fallen into ludicrous mistakes. Thus, he tells us, that in the cathedral of Cordoba, a small cross rudely scratched on one of the columns, is said to have been done many centuries since by the nail of a Christian who was held in slavery by the Moors. The cross, he adds, is protected by a small iron grating, and the following inscription is appended to it:—*Este es el Sto. Christo, que hizo el Cautivo Tibocon Lauña*,—which, rendered into English, means “This is the Holy Christ, which the captive made with his nail,” but which our author translates—“This is the Holy Christ made by the captive *Tibocon Lauña*!” thus making the two last words, which mean with the nail, the name of the pious captive. It is, however, but just to add in exculpation, that the inscription is written in a curious old Spanish hand, in which no regard is paid to a proper separation of the words, and in which capital and small letters are indiscriminately employed according to the writer’s fancy or ability. Again, in describing one of the pictures in the Moorish palace of the Generalife at Granada—(which, following Conde’s vicious etymo-

logy, the author derives from *Jennat As-sherif'* (the garden of the prince,) instead of *Jennat al-arif'*, (the garden of the architect, in Spanish *Alarife*)—he meets with the following inscription:—*Aben hut Rey de Granada, i Cordova, i de lo mas de Andaluzia*—that is, Ibn Hud, King of Granada and Cordova, and the rest of Andalus, (the name of Spain among the Arabs), which, making one word out of the two *lo mas*, he has thus translated, “King of Granada and Cordova, and of the hills of Andalucia”!

In brief, if the reader seek for information on the present condition of Spain—on the state of education, agriculture, trade, commerce—on the feelings of the people with regard to the civil war now raging there—or the chance which Spain has, if any, of resuming her rank among European nations, he certainly need not trouble himself to hunt through the work before us; but the general reader will find descriptions, both graphic and true, of popular manners, from which he will acquire a sufficient knowledge of the muleteer, the *mojo*, the *contrabandista*, the bandit, the bull-fighter,—as well as of the *posada*, the roads, the *insects*, the garlic-flavoured dishes, and other like persons and matters to be met with when travelling in Spain. In proof, we shall transfer to our pages the following sketch, which will convey a good idea of our author's powers of description:—

"This fat man, who comes first, is easily distinguished by his awkward gait, vulgar dress, and ungainly form, as a citizen of the lower order—a class which has little of the Spanish grace to boast of; his portly dame, dressed in white, and without *mantilla*, walks at his side; and a tribe of brats, the future cobblers, barbers, or hatters of Granada, follow at their heels. These three damsels, also without *mantillas*, with short gowns, and large bunches of flowers in their hair, are known by their jaunty step, and the bold laugh with which they salute passers-by, not to be of the highest ton in Granadan society. Those, who follow, with quiet and graceful air, in white *basquinas* and black lace *mantillas*, are young *Señoritas* with their *mammas*; and observe their brothers or cousins, who strut behind, arm-in-arm, puffing their paper-cigars, twisting their mustachios, and staring at every woman they meet or pass, especially at the fair occupants of the antique carriages, drawn by mules, which move slowly along the road by the side of the Alameda. Yon wrinkled dame, stooping with age, is apparently the grandmother of the elegant little creature, who skips like a fawn at her side, impatient of her tardy pace: though thus contrasting in years, their dress is the same—the *mantilla*, rose, gown, and fan are common to both. These two of the other sex in black gowns, and long shovel-shaped hats are priests, conversing probably—but in too low a tone to be overheard—of the ultimate success of 'the King, Carlos V.,' or should they be on some doctrinal point—the favourite one, for instance, of the immaculacy of the Virgin—you may see by their sidelong glances that the contemplation of heavenly charms has not rendered them wholly insensible to earthly beauty. See what has attracted their attention!—This young Granadina, who approaches with swimming gait; and watch her as she glides past! How gracefully she puts forward her little sandalled foot from beneath her short *basquita*!—how firmly, yet how lightly does she poise herself on it!—with what swan-like elegance she carries her pretty head and neck!—you would say that her whole thoughts were absorbed, her whole soul thrown into step and movement. No such thing. Her grace is but the effect of nature or of habit, for her thoughts are seen in the sly glances which she casts around to meet the looks of admiration, due, she well knows, to her faultless form and carriage, returning with indifference the ardent gaze of the plebeians, and fanning herself with increased rapidity when she finds herself noticed by the young *whiskerandos*, curveting by on fiery jennets. Here comes a party of peasants, stout, muscular, sun-burnt fellows, with high-peaked hats, gay *tagged* jackets, yellow silk sashes, and white figured *botines*—their holiday costume—with paper-cigars in their mouths, and long peeled sticks in their

hands. With them is a bevy of damsels in brown-flowered, bright pink, or still gayer *basquiñas* of canary colour, with vandyked flounces of black velvet; all without *mantillas*, but with high combs and fresh flowers in their hair, and handkerchiefs over their necks; smiling, chatting, joking, and flirting with the admiring *majos*, their companions. Next is a group of gipsies, who abound in Andalucia, and are scarcely to be distinguished in personal appearance from the peasantry.† They wear, you may observe, the same costume, but the men suffer their coarse, black hair to fall in long lank tails over their shoulders. The women are still less easily distinguished. They all wear *parchites*—round pieces of black plaster about the size of half-a-crown, one on each temple—but these, being considered preservatives against the head-ache, you see worn by many who are not of their race. They all, too, dress their hair after the favourite fashion of the Andaluzas, parting it in the middle, smoothing it over the forehead, and bringing it down into one large thin curl, flattened against each temple, and called '*el caracol de amor*'—the love-twist. Nor in complexion is either sex more swarthy than the genuine Andaluzas; the point which seems most to distinguish them is their features, which are cast in a softer mould, with more of the oriental roundness. You grave pair of cavaliers, looking around them with supercilious air, are either travelled cits, who view everything through the spectacles of Madrid or Paris, or they are *empleados*, swollen with the consequence of official dignity. Here and there you may see men in round jackets and loose trowsers of white linen, as though every other covering were too oppressive for the sultry weather; and, sometimes walking with them—it may be for the sake of contrast—others muffled to the eyes in the folds of their brown cloaks, as if fearful of imbibing a breath of the mild evening air. Mingling with this already motley crowd are soldiers of the National Guard, of all ranks, looking as proud and fierce as uniforms and mustachios can make them; and many children similarly arrayed, dwarf caricatures of their fathers. Everywhere, too, may be seen the sturdy form, and heard the harsh drawling voice of the Galician waterseller, loud above the general hum, '*Aqua...a! agua fresca...a! agua del Alhambra...a! que rica, que fria es! un quarto el vaso...a! agua...a!*'—Water! fresh water! water of the Alhambra! how cold, how rich it is! a farthing the glass! Water!—mingling with the shrill cries of the boys who offer their lights by way of temptation to those who don't smoke, thrusting a smouldering rope's end, or a tin box of live charcoal, under their noses. " * In the midst of all this gaiety, there is a sudden change. The cry of '*Su Majestad! Su Majestad!*'—His Majesty! His Majesty! is passed around, and in an instant every guitar and castanet is at rest—the laugh, the joke, the song are hushed—the dancers seem rooted to the earth. The sound of a small bell is heard approaching, and presently a train of boys in white gowns, with long lighted tapers in their hands, preceded by a priest bearing a cross, and followed by another, enters the road by the side of the Prado. They are carrying the *viaticum*—the passport to eternal bliss—to some dying sinner. Every male head is now uncovered; some of the gay crowd sink upon their knees; all cross themselves repeatedly; but before the tinkle of the bell dies away in the distance, the devout arise, the song and guitar break forth anew, and all is again life and merriment."

On the whole, '*A Summer in Andalucia*' is above the average of common books of travels. The author's observations are generally just—his descriptions vivid; and it is only to be regretted that he has not exercised his talents on more important objects. He seems well read in the history of the country he has traversed, and acquainted with the language of the people. If to these qualifications be added an unaffected good-humour, which pervades the narrative, a relish for the sort of society in which he was thrown, and the sort of life which he was com-

elled to lead, the reader will come to the conclusion, that, with all its imperfections, the work is one that will increase his knowledge of Spanish life and manners, and is well worth perusal.

Woman's Mission. J. W. Parker.

The object of this little work is one of the highest importance; it is designed to point out the importance and responsibility of the station occupied by women in civilized society, to explain their consequent duties, and suggest the means by which they may be most efficiently discharged. Though it is not so stated in the title-page, it is sufficiently manifest that the writer is a lady; the work is strongly marked by the best characteristics of female mind,—large sympathies, abiding affections, logic of the heart rather than of the understanding, the power of persuading rather than convincing. "Woman's mission," according to the authoress, is "to advance the moral regeneration of humanity by means of her social influence." That influence is first felt in childhood: the position of mothers, in reference not only to their daughters but their sons, is one of great responsibility.

"They as the guardian angels of man's infancy, are charged with a mission—to them is committed the implanting that heavenly germ to which God must indeed give the increase; but for the early culture of which they are answerable. The importance of early impressions—of *home impressions*—is proved by the extreme difficulty of eradicating or counteracting them if bad. Conscientious teachers of youth can bear ample testimony to this fact. They have often occasion to lament with grief and humiliation, the powerlessness of their most devoted endeavours to remove early bad impressions—or to do anything more than just palliate the effects of unfavourable domestic influences—of an unhealthy domestic atmosphere. It is the mother who, as the source of moral influence, is the former of the moral atmosphere."

But it is not enough that mothers should attend to the moral training of their children; they must aim at preserving an intellectual superiority, else their influence cannot be lasting.

"The error, then, is a very lamentable one, into which some very conscientious women fall who, on entering life, allow themselves to be so engrossed by present duties as to forget other and more important duties which the maturity of their children will entail upon them. They forget that, though they are mothers of infants now, they will be mothers of men and women by-and-bye. High moral principle and devoted maternal love will make them safe and efficient guides for childhood, but they will possibly have to be the guides of early manhood—and here intelligence must aid devotedness. Mothers are apt to forget that not to advance is to retrograde, and many give up in early married life all continuance of intellectual cultivation; these find in after life, not only that they are inferior to what their duty and position require of them, but they often discover with grief and surprise that they are inferior to what they themselves were in their youth. The maternal influence, so valuable at all periods of life, and so especially valuable at this period, gradually loses its power; narrow views and sentiments hinder its operation, for the young have little indulgence for the frailties of others, though needing so much for their own."

Much has been written on the proper position of woman in society, and the influence which she has a right to exercise. That influence, in the opinion of our authoress, ought to be private and domestic; she deems that woman mistakes her station, and descends from her sphere, when she mingles in the contests of political strife, or displays herself in the arena of religious controversy.

"Participation in scenes of popular emotion has a natural tendency to warp conscience and overcome charity. Now conscience and charity (or love) are the very essence of woman's beneficial influence,

therefore everything tending to blunt the one and sour the other is sedulously to be avoided by her. It is of the utmost importance to men to feel, in consulting a wife, a mother, or a sister, that they are appealing from their passions and prejudices, and not to them as embodied in a second self: nothing tends to give opinions such weight as the certainty, that the utterer of them is free from all petty or personal motives. The beneficial influence of woman is nullified if once her motives, or her personal character, come to be the subject of attack; and this fact alone ought to induce her patiently to acquiesce in the plan of seclusion from public affairs."

But in order that woman should fulfil her mission, occupy her proper station, and rightly use the influence at her command, she must be educated for that mission, trained to that station, and supplied with means for the exertion of that influence. But is female education conducted with a view to those objects? The authoress examines our two systems, the education of accomplishments and that of the mental powers:

"The ordinary lot of woman is to marry. Has anything in these educations prepared her to make a wise choice in marriage? To be a mother! Have the duties of maternity,—the nature of moral influence,—been pointed out to her? Has she ever been enlightened as to the consequent unspeakable importance of personal character as the source of influence? In a word, have any means, direct or indirect, prepared her for her duties? No! but she is a linguist, a pianist, a graceful admirer. What is that to the purpose? The grand evil of such an education, is the mistaking means for ends; a common error, and the source of half the moral confusion existing in the world. It is the substitution of the part for a whole. The time when young women enter upon life is the one point to which all plans of education tend, and at which they all terminate: and to prepare them for that point is the object of their training."

Having shown the evils of a system which ends with the introduction of woman on the stage of life, and supplies no guide for her conduct afterwards, it is necessary to seek for these evils, and suggest a better system:—

"The grand objects in the education of women ought to be, the conscience, the heart, and the affections; the development of those moral qualities, which Providence has so liberally bestowed upon them, doubtless with a wise and benevolent purpose. Originators of conscientiousness, how can they implant what they have never cultivated, nor brought to maturity in themselves; Sovereigns of the affections, how can they direct the kingdom whose laws they have not studied, the springs of whose government are concealed from them? The conscience and the affections being primarily enlightened, all other cultivation, as secondary, is most valuable. Intelligence, accomplishments, even external elegance, become objects of importance, as assisting the influence which women have, and exert too often for unworthy ends, but which in this case could not fail to be beneficial. Let the light of intellect, and the charm of accomplishments, be the willing handmaids of cultivated and enlightened conscience."

In all the present systems of female education, it has been deemed expedient to banish from the school-rooms everything which could inform the young that such a passion as love has existence. The writer of this little volume condemns this exclusion, as necessarily tending to prevent education from bearing on future duties:—

"Who would believe that this love, so denounced, so guarded against, so carefully banished from the minds of young women, is the one principle on which their future happiness may be founded or wrecked? It is sure to seek them, (most of them, at least,) like death in the fable, to find them unprepared,—too often to leave them wretched."

On the subject of marriage we find little said, and even that is not new; but the chapter devoted to Maternal Love opens a wide field of philosophic reflection. What considerations are suggested by the important distinction between maternal instinct and maternal affection!—

"The instinct induces a mother to bestow fond-

† This singular race seems more thoroughly domesticated in Spain than in most parts of Europe, as they have formed a slang dialect of the Spanish, which has greatly corrupted the language of the provinces—is spoken, in fact, by many of the peasantry—and in which one of the first of Spanish poets, Quevedo, did not disdain to write *romances*.

ness and caresses on her child, to tend its sick couch, to watch over its health and comfort, regardless of her own. Beautiful manifestations of a beautiful and kind provision of Providence! But except that mother have the courage to deny her child's unreasonable desires, to thwart it, (even on the bed of sickness and in the hour of glee,) if its future moral interests require it, we must confine our admiration to the instinct, and withhold it from the individual. This is the true maternal affection, the true development of that divine and holy love to man, which, regardless of inferior considerations, seeks only his moral and ultimate good."

One of the inferences deduced from this distinction is equally striking and true:—

"This may serve to account for a fact so well known as to be proverbial—but of which, as far as I know, no philosophical explanation has yet been attempted—viz., that spoiled children are always selfish; in other words, they receive the expression of passionate affection unconsciously and ungratefully, and give no affection in return. Now it is to be remarked that the effects produced by any influence respond exactly in their nature to the nature of that influence.—And this may account for the fact, that the passionate indulgence of instinctive fondness, unrestrained by moral principle in any of its manifestations, produces—not answering fondness—but coldness and indifference. Here the nature of the effects respond to the nature of the influence. The influence is an exhibition of selfishness—the effect is an exhibition of selfishness likewise—unthankfulness and insubordination. On the contrary, the exhibition of the moral principle is unselfish, for I suppose that none but a mother can know the self-sacrifice requisite for the exercise of it in repressing the instinct. The effect responds—it is the production of unselfishness likewise—obedience and gratitude."

The influence of what may be called Moral Maternity is examined at considerable length, but nowhere is its importance more forcibly shown than in its effects on the formation of character.

"The character of the mother influences the children more than that of the father, because it is more exposed to their daily, hourly, observation. It is difficult for these young, though acute observers, to comprehend the principles which regulate their father's political opinions; his vote in the senate; his conduct in political or commercial relations; but they can see,—yes! and they can estimate and imitate, the moral principles of the mother in her management of themselves, her treatment of her domestics, and the thousand petty details of the interior. These principles, whether lax or strict, low or high in moral tone, become, by an insensible and imperceptible adoption, their principles; and are carried out by them into the duties and avocations of future life. It would be startling to many to know with what intelligence and accuracy motives are penetrated, inconsistencies remarked, and measured up with retributive or imitative projects, as may best suit the purpose of the moment. Nothing but a more extensive knowledge of children than is usually possessed on entering life can awaken parents to the perception of this truth; and awakened perception may, perhaps, be only awakened misery."

Having explained the nature of personal influence, and the means by which it is to be secured, the writer directs attention to that which should be both the foundation and pervading principle of the whole,—religion of the heart. She dwells with great force on the peculiar applicability of Christianity to the female character, recording that women were "last at the cross and first at the sepulchre," because the pure, loving, and self-denying doctrines of "the meek and lowly Jesus" found a ready echo in woman's heart.

"It seems to be particularly a part of women's mission to exhibit Christianity in its beauty and purity, and to disseminate it by example and culture. They have the greatest advantages afforded to them for the fulfilment of this mission, and are under the greatest obligations to fulfil it. For woman never would, and never could have risen to her present

station in the social system, had it not been for the dignity with which Christianity invested those qualities, peculiarly her own—no human eye could thus have seen into the deep things of God—no human penetration could have discovered the counsel of Him who has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the strong! No human wisdom could have discovered that pride is not strength, nor self-opinion greatness of soul—nor bravery, sublimity—nor glory, happiness—and that our highest honour, as creatures, is submission; as sinners, humility; as brethren, love."

We cannot close this little volume without expressing the gratification we have derived from its perusal. Too many moral reformers of the present day bring discredit on their cause by advocating a system of rigid asceticism, an isolation from the rest of mankind, equally selfish and unnatural, and a course of self-denying ordinances, which, so far as pride is concerned, might become a course of self-gratifications. No such lessons are to be found in this work; it leaves us still mental and moral beauty to admire, physical and intellectual pleasures to enjoy, and all the sympathies of our nature to cherish: without prohibiting these sources of delight, it shows that they, as well as the nobler faculties, may be pleasantly and profitably devoted to the best of all purposes, the glory of God and the good of man.

A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions. By Capt. Marryat, C.B. 3 vols. Longman & Co.

WEARY of the Old World, the Captain resolved to be off to the New, that he might investigate human nature under novel combinations. His avowed object was, to examine and ascertain what were the effects of a democratic form of government and climate upon a people which, with all its foreign admixture, may still be considered as English: the result, however, is reserved for future publication. The present work consists of a Diary, in which the Captain appears but too happy to take the laughing side of the question, and to record every tale or anecdote, trait or incident, which may be made to bear on the commentaries subsequently offered in the form of Essays on Societies and Associations—Lynch Law—Education—Religion—Slavery and other vexed questions. These Essays are written with care and ability, and are worthy of attentive consideration on both sides of the Atlantic; but, for the present, we shall confine ourselves to the Diary. It opens capitally—the embarkation is worthy of Peter Simple himself: but we must proceed at once to America, and skim lightly over the journal for such matters as are likely to afford amusement.

The Captain arrived at New York during the mercantile crisis of 1837, when the banks had all stopped payment in specie, and canals, railroads, and all public works, were suspended. The state of anxiety which then prevailed is well known, and well described by the Captain; but we shall concern ourselves only with the illustrative anecdotes, which, though gleaned, we suspect, from the public papers, and apocryphal of course, serve their purpose just as well as if true—that is, they will raise a laugh:—

"The Americans delight in the hyperbole; in fact, they hardly have a metaphor without it. During this crash, when every day fifteen or twenty merchants' names appeared in the newspapers as bankrupts, one party, not in a very good humour, was hastening down Broadway, when he was run against by another, whose temper was equally unamiable. This collision roused the choler of both.—'What do you mean, sir?' cried one; 'I've a great mind to knock you into the middle of next week.'—This occurring on a Saturday, the wrath of the other was checked by the recollection of how very favourable such a blow would be to his present circumstances. 'Will you? then pray do; it's just the

thing I want, for how else I am to get over next Monday, and the acceptances I must take up, is more than I can tell.'

The Captain honestly forewarns the reader of his political principles. Thus, he tells us at starting, that there is "a great want of moral principles in all Radicals," and that Radicalism is but the "lower deep" of democracy. In proof, he tells us—

"I was watching the swarming multitude in Wall Street this morning, when one of these fellows was declaiming against the banks for stopping specie payments, and 'robbing a poor man in such a villainous manner,' when one of the merchants, who appeared to know his customer, said to him—'Well, as you say, it is hard for a poor fellow like you not to be able to get dollars for his notes; hand them out, and I'll give you specie for them myself!' The blackguard had not a cent in his pocket, and walked away, looking very foolish. He reminded me of a little chimney-sweeper at the Tower Hamlets election, asking—'Vos vos my opinions about prima-ginitur?'—a very important point to him certainly, he having no parents, and having been brought up by the parish. * * * 'They may say the times are bad,' said a young American to me, 'but I think that they are excellent. A twenty dollar note used to last me but a week, but now it is as good as Fortunatus's purse, which was never empty. I eat my dinner at the hotel, and show them my twenty dollar note. The landlord turns away from it, as if it were the head of Medusa, and begs that I will pay another time. I buy everything that I want, and I have only to offer my twenty dollar note in payment, and my credit is unbounded—that is, for any sum under twenty dollars. If they ever do give change again in New York, it will make a very unfortunate change in my affairs.' * *

"The distress for change has produced a curious remedy. Every man is now his own banker. Go to the theatres and places of public amusement, and, instead of change, you receive an I.O.U. from the treasury. At the hotels and oyster-cellars it is the same thing. Call for a glass of brandy and water, and the change is fifteen tickets, each 'good for one glass of brandy and water.' At an oyster-shop, eat a plate of oysters, and you have in return seven tickets, good for one plate of oysters each. It is the same everywhere.—The barbers give you tickets, good for so many shaves; and were there beggars in the streets, I presume they would give you tickets in change, good for so much philanthropy. Dealers, in general, give out their own bank-notes, or, as they are called here, *shin plasters*, which are good for one dollar, and from that down to two and a half cents, all of which are redeemable, and redeemable only upon a general return to cash payments. Hence arises another variety of exchange in Wall Street. 'Tom, do you want any oysters for lunch to-day?'—'Yes!'—Then here's a ticket, and give me two shaves in return.'"

The Captain gives us some curious proofs of the extent to which speculation had been carried, especially in land, prior to this great crash; and some equally curious reasons for the numberless fires in New York; among others, houses, it appears, are set fire to by "agents employed by the fire insurance companies," as a punishment or warning! This, however, the Captain does not vouch for, although bound in conscience to mention it as an assigned cause. He now started on a trip up the Hudson:—

"The American steam-boats have been often described. When I first saw one of the largest sweep round the battery, with her two decks, the upper one screened with snow-white awnings—the gay dresses of the ladies—the variety of colours—it reminded me of a floating garden, and I fancied that Isola Bella, on the Lake of Como, had got under weigh, and made the first steam voyage to America."

We do not find anything very novel in his account of this trip, except indeed a genuine Yankee anecdote:—

"I was enquiring," says the Captain, "if the Hudson was frozen up or not during the winter? This led to a conversation as to the severity of the winter, when one man, by way of proving how cold

it was, river, a was car out age milked. The perfor boat a started the sl sleep railro and h dard deed, presen ing t Strand Marti so cro or a d Lane.

The chap it has travel Lakes ment, Falls,

"R in with his w then walkin mastering in 'Let but I upon know It is a variat Ni tells people sively never proof 'V laudy been the so hurt As sh you b dentl being offend disple as she leg wa for m to m sociat sional of An name comp used as son limb conve I was o more by a ladies conce piano who the e ment the i had trou

it was, said—“Why, I had a cow on my lot up the river, and last winter she got in among the ice, and was carried down three miles before we could get her out again. The consequence has been that she has milked nothing but *ice-creams* ever since.”

The Captain next proceeded to Boston, and performed the distance, 240 miles, by steam-boat and railroad, in fifteen hours. He was startled, it appears, to find, that in one instance the sleepers in the railway were laid over the railroad had been carried through a churchyard; and he intimates, that no engineer would have dared to propose such a line in England! Indeed, then how came Duncannon Street in its present position?—how did we get a great leading thoroughfare from Pall Mall East to the Strand?—for most people remember when St. Martin’s churchyard occupied that spot, and was so crowded with bodies, that it stood some ten or a dozen feet above the level of St. Martin’s Lane.

The 4th of July serves as text to a pleasant chapter; the subject, however, wants novelty; it has been humorously treated by many former travellers. The Captain now starts for the Lakes, visiting on his route the Shaker settlement at Niskauqua, Saratoga Springs, Trenton Falls, all well known.

“Returning to Utica,” says the Captain, “I fell in with a horse bridled and saddled, that was taking his way home without his master, every now and then cropping the grass at the road side, and then walking on in a most independent manner. His master had given him a certificate of leave, by chalking in large letters on the saddle-flaps on each side. ‘Let him go.’ This was a very primitive proceeding; but I am not quite sure that it could be ventured upon in Yorkshire, or in Virginia either, where they know a good horse, and are particularly careful of it. It is a fact, that wherever they breed horses they invariably learn to steal them.”

Niagara offers nothing new. The Captain tells us, as we have been told by fifty other people, that the Americans affect to be excessively refined in their language, and therefore never use certain plain intelligible words. In proof, he says—

“When at Niagara Falls, I was escorting a young lady with whom I was on friendly terms. She had been standing on a piece of rock, the better to view the scene, when she slipped down, and was evidently hurt by the fall; she had in fact grazed her shin. As she limped a little in walking home, I said, ‘Did you hurt your leg much.’ She turned from me, evidently much shocked, or much offended; and not being aware that I had committed any very heinous offence, I begged to know what was the reason of her displeasure. After some hesitation, she said that as she knew me well, she would tell me that the word *leg* was never mentioned before ladies. I apologized for my want of refinement, which was attributable to my having been accustomed only to *English* society, and added, that as such articles must occasionally be referred to, even in the most polite circles of America, perhaps she would inform me by what name I might mention them without shocking the company. Her reply was, that the word *limb* was used; ‘nay,’ continued she, ‘I am not so particular as some people are, for I know those who always say limb of a table, or limb of a piano-forte.’ There the conversation dropped; but a few months afterwards I was obliged to acknowledge that the young lady was correct when she asserted that some people were more particular then even she was. I was requested by a lady to escort her to a seminary for young ladies, and on being ushered into the reception-room, conceive my astonishment at beholding a square piano-forte with four *limbs*. However, that the ladies who visited their daughters, might feel in its full force the extreme delicacy of the mistress of the establishment, and her care to preserve in their utmost purity the ideas of the young ladies under her charge, she had dressed all these four limbs in modest little trousers, with frills at the bottom of them!”

The story is a good story—but much depends

on the manner of telling it; and it is hardly worth while, perhaps, to remind the Captain, that he must have seen in the best parlour of many a good old English country housewife, every article of furniture, limbs and all, clothed after this fashion.

At Toronto, the Captain was visited by a brother author, who sent several specimens of his poetry: “stating the remarkable fact, that he had never written a verse until he was past forty-five, and that, as to the unfair accusation of his having plagiarised Byron, it was not true, for he had never read Byron in his life.” The Captain gives the following as a printed specimen of the poems:

From the *Regard the Author has for the LADIES OF TORONTO*, he presents them with the following

ODE.

To the Ladies of the City of Toronto.

How famed is our city

For the beauty and talents

Of our ladies, that’s pretty

And chaste in their sentiments.

The ladies of Toronto

Are fine, noble, and charming,

And are a great memento

To all, most fascinating.

Our ladies are the best kind,

Of all others the most fine;

In their manners and their minds

Most refined and genuine.

We are proud of our ladies,

For they are superior

To all other beauties,

And others are inferior.

How favoured is our land

To be honoured with the fair,

That is so majestic grand!

And to please them is our care.

Who would not chose them before

All others that’s to be found,

And think of others no more?

Their like is not in the world round.

TORONTO, 21st Jan. 1837. T. S.

When steaming from Buffalo to Detroit, the boat—

“Stopped at Dunkirk to put some emigrants on shore. As they were landing I watched them carefully counting over their little property, from the iron teakettle to the heavy chest. It was their whole fortune and invaluable to them; the nest-egg by which, with industry, their children were to rise to affluence. They remained on the wharf as we shoved off, and no wonder that they seemed embarrassed and at a loss. There was the baby in the cradle, the young children holding fast to their mother’s skirt, while the elder had seated themselves on a log, and watched the departure of the steam-vessel;—the bedding, cooking utensils, &c., all lying in confusion, and all to be housed before night. Weary did they look, and weary indeed they were, and most joyful would they be when they at last should gain their resting-place. It appears from the reports sent in, that upwards of 100,000 emigrants pass to the west every year by the route of the Lakes, of which it is estimated that about 30,000 are from Europe, the remainder migrating from the eastern States of the Union.”

On another occasion, we have a picture of an emigrant family, which, though it must amuse, will as certainly interest the reader:—

“Once more on board of the Michigan, one of the best vessels on Lake Erie; as usual, full of emigrants, chiefly Irish. It is impossible not to feel compassion for these poor people, wearied as they are with confinement and suffering, and yet they do compose occasionally about as laughable a group as can well be conceived. In the first place, they bring out with them from Ireland articles which no other people would consider worth the carriage. I saw one Irish woman who had five old tin tea-pots; there was but one spout among the whole, and I believe not one bottom really sound and good. And then their costumes, more particularly the fitting out of the children, who are not troubled with any extra supply of clothes at any time! I have witnessed the seat of an old pair of corduroy trowsers transformed into a sort of bonnet for a laughing fair-haired girl. But what amused me more was the very reverse of this arrangement: a boy’s father had just put a patch upon the hinder part of his son’s trowsers, and cloth

not being at hand, he had, as an expedient for stopping the gap, inserted a piece of old straw bonnet; in so doing he had not taken the precaution to put the smooth side of the plait inwards, and, in consequence, young Teddy when he first sat down felt rather uncomfortable. ‘What’s the matter wid ye, Teddy; what makes ye wriggle about in that way? Sit aisy, man; sure enough, havn’t ye a straw-bottomed chair to sit down upon all the rest of your journey, which is more than your father ever had before you?’”

At Windsor, opposite Detroit, the Captain was laid up with a fever:—

“I had been in bed (he says,) three days, when my landlady came into the room. ‘Well, captain, how do you find yourself by this time?’—‘Oh, I am a little better, thank you,’ replied I.—‘Well, I am glad of it, because I want to whitewash your room; for if the coloured man stops to do it to-morrow, he’ll be for charging us another quarter of a dollar.’—‘But I am not able to leave my room.’—‘Well, then, I’ll speak to him; I dare say he won’t mind your being in bed while he whitewashes.’”

Of Detroit, he observes—

“There is not a paved street in it, or even a foot-path for a pedestrian. In winter, in rainy weather you are up to your knees in mud; in summer, invisible from dust: indeed, until lately, there was not a practicable road for thirty miles round Detroit. The muddy and impassable state of the streets has given rise to a very curious system of making morning or evening calls. A small one-horse cart is backed against the door of a house; the ladies dressed get into it, and seat themselves upon a buffalo-skin at the bottom of it; they are carried to the residence of the party upon whom they wish to call; the cart is backed in again, and they are landed dry and clean. An old inhabitant of Detroit complained to me that people were now getting so proud, that many of them refused to visit in that way any longer. But owing to the rise of the other towns on the lake, the great increase of commerce, and Michigan having been admitted as a State into the Union, with Detroit as its capital, a large Eastern population has now poured into it, and Detroit will soon present an appearance very different from its present, and become one of the most flourishing cities of America. Within these last six years it has increased its population from two to ten thousand. The climate here is the very best in America, although the State itself is unhealthy. The land near the town is fertile. A railroad from Detroit already extends thirty miles through the State; and now that the work has commenced, it will be carried on with the usual energy of the Americans.”

In speaking of these new towns, Capt. Marryat warns the reader, that—

“If he compares them with the country towns of the same population in England, he will not do them justice. In the smaller towns of England you can procure but little, and you have to send to London for anything good: in the larger towns, such as Norwich, &c., you may procure most things: but, still, luxuries must usually be obtained from the metropolis. But in such places as Buffalo and Cleveland, everything is to be had that you can procure at New York or Boston. In those two towns on Lake Erie are stores better furnished, and handsomer, than any shop at Norwich, in England; and you will find in either of them articles for which, at Norwich, you would be obliged to send to London. It is the same thing at almost every town in America with which communication is easy. Would you furnish a house in one of them, you will find every article of furniture—carpets, stoves, grates, marble chimney-pieces, pier-glasses, pianos, lamps, candelabra, glass, china, &c., in twice the quantity, and in greater variety, than at any provincial town in England. This arises from the system of credit extended through every vein and artery of the country, and by which English goods are forced, as if with a force-pump, into every available dépôt in the Union; and thus, in a town so newly raised, that the stumps of the forest-trees are not only still surrounding the houses, but remain standing in the cellars, you will find every luxury that can be required. It may be asked, what becomes of all these goods? It must be recollected that hundreds of new houses spring up every year in the towns, and that

dant of 'Robinson Crusoe,'—the castaways in the present instance being a middle-aged gentleman, a little maiden, (giving her name to the tale,) and a faithful nurse, whose housewifery plays a most *womanful* part in the cupboard comforts of the cave, where the ship-wrecked find their asylum. All such stories have a necessary sameness, and yet, strange to say, all have a certain charm, which makes us willing to read how, day by day, the estate of the heroes and heroines is bettered, and sorry when the page comes which brings the ship to bear them back to civilized life again.—The title of another very tiny child's book may be here given, *Agnes, and the Value of Money*, by Mrs. Loudon, and, with the title, a word of praise for its simplicity and good sense.

School Botany, by John Lindley, F.R.S.—The Council of the London University, having wisely decided that all students, two years previously to proceeding to their examination for their first degree, shall be examined, among other subjects, in the characters and differences of the principal natural classes and orders of plants belonging to the Flora of Europe, in the botanical classification of De Candolle; this little work has been written, that school-masters may know what and how much to teach, in order that they may neither treat the subject too superficially, nor consume more of the pupil's time in reference to it than is necessary. It must be manifest, that under these circumstances such a work was wanted, and it appears to be most judiciously compiled: the illustrative subjects are generally common and within reach, and the vulgar names are added.

New Aid to Memory, by a Cambridge M.A.—The artificial aids are more difficult to remember than facts and dates. A humorous comment on such systems was made by a waiter at an hotel where Feinaigle dined after having given his lecture on Artificial Memory. A few minutes after the Professor left the table, the waiter entered with uplifted hands and

eyes, exclaiming,—“ Well, I protest the memory-man has forgotten his umbrella.”

Rara Mathematica, edited by J. O. Halliwell.—This collection, noticed No. 563, is now complete and contains many curious papers on mathematics and subjects connected, published from ancient unedited manuscripts.

List of New Books.—Smith's (Rev. Sydney) Works 3 vols. 8vo. cl. 36s.—The Forester, by Miss Mary Boyle 2 vols. 8vo. cl. 36s. The Author of *Wife and Daugh-*

3 vols, post 8vo, 31s. 6d.—*Temptation, or a Wife's Peril*, 3 vols, post 8vo, 31s. 6d.—*My Adventures during the Late War*, by Captain O'Brien, R.N., 2 vols, post 8vo, 2s.—*Smith's Standard Library, Poetry*, royal 8vo, cl. 10s. 6d.—*Sir Henry Davy's Collected Works*, Vol. 1. *Life, complete, crown 8vo*, cl. 10s. 6d.—*Conybeare's Bampton Lectures*, 8vo, cl. 12s.—*The Cathedral, &c.* cl. 2nd edit. 10s. 6d.—*Woodgate's Bampton Lectures*, 8vo, cl. 10s.—*Gray's Spaniard and Countess Widow*, post 8vo, cl. 6s.—*Ralf's Analysis of the British Flora*, fc. cl. 8s.—*Bland's Essays on the Construction of Arches, Piers, &c.* 8vo, cl. 7s.—*Allen's Cicero de Divinatione*, royal 12mo, 7s.—*Mogg's Hand-Book for Railway Travellers*, with maps, 6s.—*Hay's Lord's Rector's Addresses*, super royal 8vo, extra bds. 15s.—*Leila, or the Island*, b. Ann Fraser Tytler, 12mo, cl. 5s.—*Memoirs of a Cadet*, b. a Bengalee, post 8vo, 10s. 6d.—*Translations, and Sketches of Biography*, post 8vo, cl. 7s.—*Adventures of an Attorney in Search of Practice*, post 8vo, cl. 10s. 6d.—*Vale of Glamorgan, or Scenes and Tales among the Welsh*, post 10s. 6d.—*Freeling's Southampton Railway Companion*, 18mo, cl. 2s. 6d.—*Hermann's Life and Works*, Vol. II, 3s.—*Grant's Chancery Questions and Answers*, 12mo, 5s.—*Supplement to Wordsworth's New Ruler*, 12mo, 6s.—*James's Edward the Black Prince*, 2nd edit. 2 vols, 12mo, 15s.—*Lardner's Cyclopaedia*, Vol. CXV. *British Statesmen*, Vol. VII, 12mo, 6s.—*Psalter*, by Rev. John Keble, 12mo, cl. 7s. 6d.—*Novelist*, Vol. I, 6s. 6d.—*Main's Forest Planters*, 12mo, bds. 6s.—*Handbook of Parliamentary Elections*, Part I, by Montague and Neal, 8vo, 5s. 6d.—*Yarrell on the Game of Salmon in Freshwater, oblong 8vo*, post 12s.—*Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott*, Vol. IV, 2nd edit. fc. cl. 5s.—*Robins's Dictionary of Geology*, fc. cl. 6s.—*Wiseman's Reply to Dr. Tutton's Philanthropic Cantabrigianism*, 8vo, 6s.—*Tuckfield's Education for the People*, fc. cl. 6s.—*The People's Library of Select Christian Authors*, imp. 8vo, cl. 8s.—*Butter's Etymological Spelling-Book*, 30th edit. 12mo, 2s.—*School, 1s. 6d.—The School-room at Home*, square 16mo, cl. 2s. 6d.—*The Flower-Basket*, from the German *Schmid*, fc. cl. 3s.—*Lectures on the Jews*, by Ministers of Glasgow, 12mo, 4s. 6d.—*Griffith on the Lord's Prayer*

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL for JUNE, kept by the Assistant Secretary, at the Apartments of the Royal Society,

BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL

JUNE.	9 o'clock, A.M.			3 o'clock, P.M.			External Thermometers.	Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.						
	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Fahrenheit.	Self-registering							
	Flint Glass	Crown Glass.		Flint Glass	Crown Glass.		9 A.M.	3 P.M.							
S 1	29.964	29.956	59.0	29.910	29.902	62.2	50.3	55.2	68.0	48.2	55.7	N	Fine—light clouds and wind throughout the day. Evening, Cloudy.		
○ 2	29.906	29.900	65.9	29.832	29.828	61.0	48	60.7	53.7	56.9	45.6	68.0	NE	A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Overcast—light wind.	
M 3	29.694	29.686	54.9	29.658	29.650	58.9	48	61.4	50.8	62.3	47.0	51.3	ENE	A.M. Overcast—heavy rain during the night. P.M. Fine, with occasional showers. Evening, Overcast—light rain.	
T 4	29.666	29.658	59.6	29.668	29.660	60.2	51	63.9	54.6	60.4	50.3	54.7	E	Overcast—light wind throughout the day. Evening, The Like.	
W 5	29.826	29.830	60.9	29.856	29.850	61.2	52	60.0	59.3	67.2	53.3	61.7	NE	A.M. Overcast—light breeze. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.	
T 6	29.970	29.964	75.4	29.952	29.946	64.7	55	68.6	63.9	67.4	52.4	57.9	.227	Fine—light clouds and wind throughout the day. Ev. Cloudy.	
F 7	29.848	29.842	62.2	29.816	29.808	64.3	56	65.2	60.3	61.4	56.3	69.3	E	A.M. Overcast—light steady rain. P.M. Overcast—light wind.	
S 8	29.898	29.892	62.9	29.864	29.856	65.5	56	70.0	63.2	68.8	55.9	63.7	.091	Evening, Cloudy.	
○ 9	30.058	30.052	74.2	30.094	30.090	68.0	57	69.5	63.8	69.0	56.0	85.0	SE var.	Fine—light clouds—brisk wind throughout the day. Ev. Fine & clear.	
M 10	30.318	30.312	66.9	30.284	30.278	67.6	56	69.3	63.9	69.6	55.5	71.2	S	Fine—light clouds and wind throughout the day. Evening, Cloudy	
○ T 11	30.262	30.258	70.8	30.288	30.280	67.6	59	68.4	64.7	70.3	59.4	70.0	SW	Fine—light clouds and wind throughout the day. Ev. Cloudy.	
W 12	30.244	30.238	74.6	30.132	30.124	69.3	59	68.7	67.3	74.3	57.8	80.7	W	Fine—light clouds—brisk wind throughout the day. Ev. The like.	
T 13	29.944	29.938	83.3	29.910	29.902	72.7	65	69.9	72.0	71.8	62.2	78.3	S	Fine—light clouds with light brisk wind throughout the day.	
F 14	29.866	29.858	65.6	29.876	29.870	65.9	57	62.9	58.2	62.0	55.3	77.6	NE	A.M. Fine and cloudy—light wind. P.M. Cloudless—brisk wind.	
S 15	29.946	29.940	73.0	30.046	30.038	64.9	58	62.8	58.4	61.6	55.7	64.4	NE	Evening, Overcast—distant thunder.	
○ 16	30.268	30.262	75.6	30.264	30.260	66.9	53	68.0	61.3	70.2	49.0	65.0	NNW	Overcast—brisk wind throughout the day. Evening, Cloudy.	
M 17	30.200	30.192	66.0	30.154	30.148	67.8	58	68.6	64.2	69.3	52.5	70.3	NE	Lightly overcast—light breeze throughout the day. Ev. Cloudy.	
T 18	30.054	30.050	75.2	29.962	29.954	71.3	65	67.7	70.6	77.6	61.6	83.6	ENE	Fine & cloudy—it, breeze throughout the day. Ev. Fine & clear.	
W 19	29.998	29.992	74.4	30.060	30.054	71.3	62	67.2	66.6	71.4	62.0	82.3	E	Fine—nearly cloudy—light breeze throughout the day. Evening, Lightning, with rain.	
T 20	30.158	30.152	78.9	30.038	30.030	71.8	62	68.0	67.8	75.7	58.5	85.0	S	A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Fine, with heavy rain.	
F 21	29.818	29.814	78.6	29.822	29.816	71.2	62	68.2	68.3	70.7	61.0	76.2	.033	S	P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Ev. Fine & clear.
S 22	29.644	29.640	67.8	29.460	29.452	66.9	60	70.1	63.9	61.7	59.9	73.6	S	A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Overcast—high wind—light rain. Evening, Fine—light clouds.	
○ 23	29.456	29.450	72.9	29.572	29.566	73.7	57	68.0	62.8	62.6	58.8	70.0	.111	SE var.	A.M. Cloudy—very high wind. P.M. Cloudy—light rain—high wind. Ev. Dark heavy clouds—high wind, with light showers.
M 24	29.842	29.836	71.9	29.870	29.862	67.9	58	68.1	63.4	68.3	55.6	76.4	.319	S	A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Ev. The like.
T 25	29.968	29.962	68.8	29.918	29.912	67.3	57	67.9	64.3	69.8	57.4	69.3	S	Fine & cloudy—it, and wind throughout the day. Evening, Overcast—light wind.	
● W 26	29.552	29.546	66.8	29.476	29.470	66.7	58	66.3	63.4	67.0	56.0	70.4	S	A.M. Cloudy—thunder—light rain—high wind. P.M. Continued.	
T 27	29.892	29.888	73.0	29.846	29.840	66.8	57	68.5	62.8	66.7	54.2	68.6	.083	E	Evening, Overcast—light rain.
F 28	29.684	29.680	70.3	29.706	29.702	64.6	57	67.5	61.3	58.3	54.7	81.2	W	Fine—it, clouds—brisk wind throughout the day. Ev. Overt—it, rain.	
S 29	29.956	29.950	59.9	30.038	30.032	61.7	52	64.3	53.7	59.2	50.3	54.0	.144	S	A.M. Fine—light clouds, and with occasional rain. P.M. Overcast—light rain—brisk wind. Evening, The like.
○ 30	30.158	30.150	60.9	30.204	30.200	59.5	46	66.7	53.3	54.0	45.8	53.8	WNW	Overcast—light wind throughout the day. Evening, The like.	
MEAN.	29.936	29.930	68.7	29.919	29.913	66.1	56.4	60.9	61.9	66.3	54.9	70.2	Sum.	Mean Barometer corrected	9 A.M. 3 P.M.
														F 29.832	29.823
														C. 29.625	29.616

Note: The following table summarizes the results of the 1000 Monte Carlo simulations. Methods for generating photons

SONNET.

TO HERVA.

As the brook's song that lulls the quiet lawn,
As meadowy music heard on mountains high,
As cherubs' hymns sung in the ear of Dawn
When the entranced stars go lingering by,—
So sweet to me is thy sweet voice, my Love!
It seems as if thy bosom, all too weak
To utter the rude murmur of a dove,
Were framed almost too delicate to speak:
Hast thou a little lyre hung in thy breast,
Thy fine heart-strings wert for its slender chords?
Methinks, so sweetly are thy thoughts exprest,
'Tis it that makes the music of thy words:
Even in thy tones that are or would be gay,
Joy melts for very gentleness away.

G.D.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

In a late notice of the Ancient Masters at Pall Mall, our remarks upon two pictures, said to be by Francesco Ubertini, called Bacchiacca, have drawn a letter from the present owner, giving us all the authentication of them in his power, and offering us, with much urbanity, every means whereby to correct or confirm our impressions. The subject has created no little interest among amateurs, which may warrant our return to it, exclusive of our wish to do complete justice. Our correspondent, it will be seen, grounds his authentication upon a pedigree of the pictures, and certain professional opinions.

Winkfield Park, Windsor, June, 1839.
Sir.—The Athenæum, No. 607, contains a criticism on two pictures by Bacchiacca, which I lent to the British Institution, at the request of the Committee of Taste.

I take the liberty of addressing you on the subject of your remarks, from your expressing a doubt whether these two pictures are those alluded to by Vasari, and your observations on their actual condition.

During my residence at Florence, I heard that there were two beautiful pictures in a palace not occupied by the proprietors, the Marchesi Nelli, who resided at Sienna. I was much delighted with the pictures; I negotiated with the proprietors, and became the purchaser, but was ignorant of the history of either the pictures or their author—a name quite new to me at the time. I soon after received a letter from the Signor Rossini, the Professor and President of the University of Pisa, with whom I was acquainted, congratulating me “on the purchase I had made of two of the most beautiful pictures in Florence,” and giving me their history, with which he thought I might not be acquainted. It seems that six pictures were ordered of the history of Joseph, to decorate a particular room in the Casa Borgherini,—two by Pontormo, two by Andrea del Sarto, and two by Ubertini, called Bacchiacca. He then related the curious history of Battista Palla's failure, in his endeavour to purchase these pictures for Francis the First, which I need not repeat to you, as you are evidently as well read in Vasari as the Professor. The Borgherini collection became dispersed amongst different branches of the family; the two Pontormos ultimately came to the public gallery—the two Andrea to the Palazzo Pitti—and the two Bacchiacca were never sold, but passed in marriage portion to the Sorbelli family, and lastly to the two brothers Nelli. The late Grand Duke negotiated the purchase, but the directors of his gallery thought the price too high, and that, by waiting, the demand would be diminished. They were well known to every artist of the Academy, and particularly admired for the *prurit of their condition*. When Mr. Wallis first saw them in my possession, he said, “I am astonished that these pictures should ever have been out of the possession of an emperor. I consider them two of the most beautiful specimens of art I ever saw, and most remarkable for the pure state of their preservation.” Of the six pictures he preferred these two. I quote the remarks of a very experienced critic, as I would not presume to put my judgment in competition with that of a person of so much taste and experience as yourself. I observed at the time that I would do my best to preserve the purity of their condition by placing glass before them—but I shall have great pleasure, when they are returned to me from the gallery, to remove the glass, and enable you to judge more accurately of their actual state. I went often to see the pictures you allude to in San Lorenzo, but they are so neglected, and in such a state of decay, that it would be difficult to say what their surface was when they were perfect.

I have, &c.

J. SANDFORD.

All the above genealogical details, it must be observed, come, not from Mr. Sandford himself, who pretends to no antiquarian knowledge on the subject, but from his acquaintance—Professor Rossini, President of the Pisan University; and it may be well, for higher purposes than now engage us, to let this example show what little dependence we should place on second-hand information, even professional and presidential. First, in that same Casa Borgherini, in the very same room where Pontormo, Del Sarto, and Bacchiacca (as is said) painted each two pictures from the History of Joseph, still another artist, Francesco Granacci, painted two other pictures from

the same history [Vasari]: whence, Prof. Rossini errs either on the number of the pictures or the names of the artists—either there were eight such pictures, or Bacchiacca did not paint two, as we know each of the remaining three artists did. Vasari, where he gives the memoirs of Bacchiacca, speaks only of his “*figure piccole*” and “*figurine*” at the said Casa, whilst he describes those at the Casa Benintendi as regular pictures, “*quadri*,” which presented important scriptural subjects. We would, however, by no means therefore conclude that the Borgherini “little figures” may not have presented such subjects from the History of Joseph, which, let us add, a casual expression of Vasari elsewhere attributes to them. Again: here are several dispersions of the Borgherini pictures admitted; these Bacchiacca have not remained in a given spot (like those at San Lorenzo, making the basement or *predella* of Sogliani's large altar-piece), under public notice down to the present time, and thence indubitable. If cognoscent know aught whatever well, it is that a kind of genteel knavery has always prevailed even among titled proprietors, who sell underhand their original pictures, and substitute copies so good as to deceive professors themselves. Del Sarto's famous copy after Raffael, which deceived his own pupil and assistant in the work, Giulio Romano, was ordered for the express purpose of a fraud by Il “Magnifico” Ottaviano de' Medici, governor of Florence! How then can we feel certain these ever made part of the original Borgherini paintings, and moreover are the very Bacchiacca hinted at, not characterized, in Vasari? A sufficient answer may be forthcoming, but the Pisan professor has failed to provide it.—Besides the pedigree, our correspondent quotes opinions of Professor Rossini, and another acquaintance, Mr. Wallis (senior, we presume?) affirming the extreme beauty and implying the genuineness of these pictures. As regards their beauty, it has never been questioned by us: upon their “purity of condition,” artists whom we spoke with, fortified our own impressions that it was far from spotless. Not being artists ourselves, we have always declared and desired that readers should repose a very circumspect faith in our opinions about the mechanism of pictures: but, on the other hand, we find Professor Rossini recommend himself ill as an infallible connoisseur, and we know Mr. Wallis to be a man of eccentric spirit and a most enthusiastic speaker—witness his hyperbolical praise of these very Bacchiacca, preferring them to the two unparagoned Pontormos above mentioned, which, with the two Del Sartos, were bought up by the Grand Duke, whilst the Bacchiacca were left for a less fastidious purchaser. If, however, their state of preservation be indeed so perfect, this makes *against*, not in favour of their authenticity, seeing that it is only the more improbable such feeble design and execution as portions of them display, should have come from Bacchiacca's powerful hand. We had charged their said defects to a great degree upon some anonymous repainter, and therefore admitted the pictures *might* be works by Bacchiacca, either before or after his best time: beyond this possibility, we cannot take on us to assert their claims. So far from it, that all we have learned since our first notice but confirms whatever doubt was there expressed. In the “Flagellation” (No. 41), a small Peruginesque thing ridiculously called a *Raffael*, one of the scourges resembles, form and face, almost to a trait, one of the Bacchiacca figures: now this resemblance, to which an experienced critic drew our attention, as proving both these pictures by the same hand, would likewise go to prove the other works not by Bacchiacca, unless the “Flagellation,” too, be fathered upon him, though with a single characteristic of his known manner—meagreness being common to all the Perugineschi.* But we must again remind our readers that the undenied and undeniable beauty of these two presumptive Bacchiacca renders all discussion about their real author or mechanical attributes of secondary importance except to mere antiquarians.

The *British Queen* arrived on Monday at Liverpool, after a passage of eighteen hours from

* Apropos: Vasari possessed “*un Christo battuto alla colonna*”—a Flagellation composed like No. 41—in design, by Baccio Ubertini, brother of Bacchiacca, and pupil of Perugino. Query: was it from this design the present picture was painted?

Greenock; and yesterday she cast anchor at Erith, sixty-seven hours from Liverpool, giving an average of ten knots an hour. She is, indeed, as our correspondent observed, a splendid vessel; and it is impossible to pass an hour on board, without feeling that every word said in her praise is fully justified. To the general description with which our correspondent favoured us, we may now add a detailed report of the fittings up for the accommodation of the passengers. A spacious saloon or dining room, the length of which is upwards of sixty feet, the width thirty feet, and in the narrowest part twenty feet; height to the ceiling eight feet. The ladies' cabin is about sixteen feet square—both are entered right and left by folding doors from a handsome lobby and staircase, having a double flight of stairs with richly carved oak balusters. The whole forms a suite of 90 feet in length. The saloon is richly and elaborately decorated in the Elizabethan style of ornament. The walls are hung with a newly invented imitation of tapestry, containing brilliant panels of alternately historical painting, and emblematical and ornamental devices, which look like needlework; and from richly carved brackets, which support the beams, are suspended bunches of flowers and fruit made of leather, in imitation of carvings. The ceiling and wood-work are painted to imitate oak, and gilt in parts. The sofas, chairs, &c., are also of oak, and covered with richly cut plush velvet. The carpets are very handsome, and the saloon is warmed and ventilated by a handsome stove on Sylvester's principle. The ladies' cabin is neatly decorated in white and gold in the arabesque style, and contains a library and pianoforte. The whole of this suite was designed and executed by Mr. Simpson, of West Strand, and the workmen and artists were sent expressly from London. The furniture was made at Glasgow.

We long since announced that a naval expedition was about to proceed to the Antarctic Seas, for the purposes of magnetic research and observation. In consequence, the Royal Society have resolved to address a letter to such foreign societies as were most likely to take an interest in the subject, calling on them to aid, as far as possible, in executing a concerted system of observations. We have great pleasure in giving publicity to this important document:

Royal Society, July, 1839.

In pursuance of the directions of the President and Council of the Royal Society of London, I have the honour to forward you the annexed papers, being copies of a Report made by the Joint Committee of Physics and Meteorology of the Society to the Council on the subject of an extended system of Magnetic Observation, and of the Resolution of the council taken thereon (see Report, ante, p. 33); and to acquaint you that, in consequence of the representations made, Her Majesty's Government has ordered the equipment (now in progress) of a naval expedition of discovery, consisting of two ships under the command of Capt. James C. Ross, to proceed to the Antarctic Seas for purposes of magnetic research, and also the establishment of fixed magnetic observatories at St. Helena, Montreal, the Cape of Good Hope, and Van Diemen's Land, having for their object the execution of a series of corresponding magnetic observations during a period of three years, in consonance with the views expressed in that Report. The Court of Directors of the Honourable East India Company have also, in compliance with the suggestions of the Royal Society, resolved to establish similar observatories at Madras, Bombay, and at a station in the Himalaya Mountains.

As it is manifestly of high importance to the advancement of the science of Terrestrial Magnetism that every advantage should be taken of so distinguished an opportunity for executing a concerted system of magnetic observations on the most extended scale, the Royal Society,—on whom the arrangement of the proceedings of the fixed observatories has devolved, and to whom the scientific objects of the naval expedition have been referred by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and under whose direction the construction of the instruments to be used in these operations is actually proceeding,—is earnestly solicitous that observations corresponding to those intended to be prosecuted in the observatories should be made at every practicable station; and in forwarding to you the papers alluded to, I am directed at the same time to express their hope that your co-operation will be afforded in executing, or procuring to be executed, such observations, and communicating their results and details to the Royal Society, through the medium of their Foreign Secretary.

The general tenor of these observations is sufficiently indicated in the Report, but a more particular programme of them will be forwarded to you as soon as the details are sufficiently matured to admit of its printing and circulation; but it may here be noticed that one essential feature of them will consist in observations to be made at each station, in conformity with the system (in so far as applicable) and at the times already agreed on by the German Magnetic Association, either as they now stand or as (on communication) they shall, by mutual consent, be modified.

A series of meteorological observations subordinate to,

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and in connexion and co-extensive with, the magnetic observations, will be made at each station.

The following is a list of the instruments intended to form the essential equipment of each observatory:

LIST (with estimated Prices).

Instrumental equipment for one fixed magnetic observatory:

1 Declination Magnetometer.	Grub, Dublin.. £73 10
1 Horizontal Force Magnetometer.	
1 motor.	
1 Vertical Force Magnetometer	
Robinson	21 0
Robinson	24 0
1 Dipping Needle	50 0
1 Azimuthal Transit	50 0
2 Reading Telescopes	6 6
2 Chronometers	100 0

The above are all the instruments required for magnetical

The declination and horizontal force magnetometers are similar, with slight modifications, to those devised by M. Gauss, and already in extensive use, so that the observations made with the latter instruments and with those specified above will be strictly comparable.

The observatories will be also each furnished with the following meteorological instruments:

1 Barometer	
1 Mountain ditto	Neuman.
1 Standard Thermometer	
1 Oster's Anemometer	
Wet and Dry bulb Thermometers	Adie, Liverpool.
Maximum and Minimum Thermometers	
Daniell's Hygrometer.	

An apparatus for atmospherical electricity.

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NEW EXHIBITION.—THE CORONATION of HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, in Westminster Abbey, and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CROCE, at Florence, with all the effects of Light and Shade from Noon till Midnight. Both Paintings are by LE CHEVALIER BOUTON.—Open from Ten till Five.

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Thames Tunnel Office, By order, Waltham Buildings, Waltham, JOSPH CHARLIER, June, 1839. Clerk to the Company.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

April 30.—The President in the chair.—E. Cotman was elected a Graduate, J. Dodds and E. Cressy were elected Associates.

*On the Supply of Water from Artesian Wells in the London Basin, with an account of the sinking of the Well at the Reservoir of the New River Company in the Hampstead Road, by R. W. Mylne.—In March, 1835, an excavation, twenty feet in diameter, and twenty-three feet deep, was made: the sides were supported by wooden curbs, with puddle at the back, so as to shut out the land-springs. A brick shaft was then carried up to the surface of the ground, and the excavation was continued for fifty-nine feet through clay. The brick shaft was supported at every eight feet by rings of greater exterior diameter than the shaft, so as to project a few inches into the clay. Three sets of iron cylinders, each of less diameter than the preceding, were introduced, as the unequal settlement of the ground rendered it impossible to sink the preceding set any further. By means of these, the well was sunk to the total depth of one hundred and eighty-three feet. The cavities formed at the back of the cylinders by the pumping out of the sand, caused such extensive settlements, that the works were stopped, until the plan of continuing the sinking with the water in the well was adopted. To the communication was appended a report from Mr. Simpson, in which he details the difficulties which

had been met with, and particularly the extensive subsidence of earth caused by the removal of the sand. This far exceeded the quantity due to the contents of the well at the lower sand stratum, and the subsidence proceeded most rapidly when the water was pumped out of the well. The experience of wells near the metropolis shews, that the springs in the chalk are much more abundant than in the sand; but in order properly to avail ourselves of these, there must be adits driven to unite the water from the fissures in the cavernous structure of the chalk. The report proceeds to speak of certain methods of securing the present works, and of prosecuting them, by either driving an iron pile curb, or sinking iron cylinders cast in entire circles. The former cannot be recommended, as a considerable further subsidence would be the consequence, and the shaking of the ram would endanger the works. The latter is performed with common boring rods and tools, the shells or buckets are fitted with valves opening upwards, and the material is raised by them with the greatest ease. When the cylinders become set, or when they do not sink in proportion to the material removed, they are slightly jarred by a heavy sledge hammer. The advantage of keeping the water in equilibrium inside and outside the cylinders is very great, and the method has been in many cases most successful.—The paper was accompanied by a section of the works and the strata, and by drawings of the various tools employed.

May 7.—The President in the chair.—J. S. Russell was elected a Graduate, and H. C. Bingham an Associate.

*The Sewage of the City of Westminster, described and delineated, by J. E. Jones.—In the earlier statutes and writers on this subject the word sewage, or sewerage, is identical with drainage, as appears particularly from the act of Henry the Eighth, which is the general Sewage Act by which the Commissioners of Sewers are now guided, being for the most part applicable to fen land drainage. The metropolis and adjacent districts, comprehended within a distance of ten miles from the Post Office, are divided into seven distinct and independent trusts, whereof five are administered by local acts, the other two by the general Sewage Act first alluded to. The sewers falling into the Thames within two miles of London, are, by the 3rd of James the First, placed under the Commissioners of Sewers, and the 47th of George the Third defines and declares the powers given by the act of James. This statute, passed in 1807, was not acted on to any extent till 1813, the interval being employed by the Commissioners in requisite arrangements. The principles of drainage, or conducting the superfluous waters to their proper outlets, are few and simple; but in the drainage of a town, the masses of buildings of all ages and all kinds of various levels, the concentrated mass of filth, and the numerous conflicting interests, conspire to make the establishment of an efficient system of sewage one of the most difficult, as it is one of the most important, objects to which the skill of man can be directed. One great difficulty has arisen from the Commissioners not being invested with powers enabling them to originate new lines of sewers, but being confined to improving those that exist, and controlling the construction of new ones. A large portion of Westminster is below the level of high water, and the drainage of buildings being optional on the part of the builder, there consequently exist insulated houses and districts of loathsome filth for want of sufficient compulsory powers on the part of the Commissioners. The obvious remedy for these evils is, to give powers to the Commissioners of Sewers within their districts to compel every person to drain his property in an effective manner under their approval, and to form such new main lines as circumstances may render necessary, and to impose general rates for their maintenance. A large plan or map was exhibited of the city of Westminster, compiled from original surveys in the possession of the Commissioners of Sewers, and laid down to a scale of one inch to two hundred feet; the boundaries of the city and of the several parishes, of the main lines of sewers, and of the collateral sewers, were marked with different coloured lines; also a Book of Sections, consisting of more than one hundred sheets of tables and drawings, showing the districts drained by the main sewers, plans and sections on an enlarged scale

of all the main sewers, with the elevations of their several outlets or falls into the Thames.

Professor Wallace exhibited a pentograph of a novel construction, by which drawings may be copied or reduced and etched with great facility. Mr. Macneill bore testimony to the advantages of this construction over every other which he had seen, and stated that he had been enabled to finish a plan in 3½ hours, which could not have been done by an ordinary pentograph in less than 12 hours.

May 14.—The President in the chair.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Orkney, and E. Lomax, were elected Associates; and W. Tooke, as an Honorary Member.

*A description of the Coffre Dam round the thirteen and fourteen feet piers of Westminster Bridge, by Lieut. F. Pollock.—It was the intention of Labelye, the builder of Westminster Bridge, that none of the foundations of the piers should be at a less depth than five feet below the surface of the bed of the river, but the effect of the removal of Old London Bridge, and of the increase of the average difference between high and low-water, had in 1836 lowered the bed near the pier, on the eastern side to within eighteen inches of the platform, being three feet lower than in 1829; and but for the works done under Mr. Telford's direction by Mr. Swinburne, and those which are now going on under the direction of Mr. Walker and Mr. Burges, the piers would have soon become undermined. Labelye is supposed to have been deterred from attempting to lay the foundations by a coffre dam, from the difficulty of keeping it dry and of reaching the bottom; this is, however, now shown to be a groundless alarm, as one has been constructed which is so tight that two men can keep it perfectly dry. The Coffre Dam, the construction of which forms the subject of this communication, is formed round the thirteen and fourteen foot piers at the west end of the bridge, for the purpose of securing the foundations and repairing the damaged arch stones. Previous to the commencement of the work fender piles were driven ten feet into the bed of the river, and are five or six feet higher than Trinity high-water mark; a trench was then dredged in the intended line of the coffre dam to the level of the highest caisson; the first gauge pile was driven on the 14th of July, and the first sheeting pile on the 24th, and the water stopped out, or the coffre dam completed, in the short space of seven months. The author details the dimensions of the timbers and the construction of the various parts of the dam, as represented in the drawing accompanying the communication. There are about 40,000 cubic feet of timber in the dam. The mean depth of the mud in the dam, the water being let out, was from four to five feet; underneath the mud, at about three or four feet above the caisson, is a stratum of red gravel of an average depth of fifteen feet, and below this is clay. The weight of the piers has bent down the caisson, (as shewn in a drawing), but the timbers are still sound and good. The pressure against the dam, at an average high tide, is 1,775 tons.

The President remarked, that there was frequently considerable ambiguity in the use of the term, *rise of the tide*, and misconception as to the effect of the removal of Old London Bridge upon the rise and fall of the tides. The water falls lower by three or four feet, that is, by the height of the sill which was removed, but the difference of level of high-water is very small, not more than a few inches.

The old London Bridge caused a sort of weir, varying from eight to eighteen inches, as the water ran up, but depending in a great measure on the quantity of upland water which was coming down, and sometimes there was scarce any difference of level on the two sides of the bridge.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON. Institute of British Architects..... Eight, P.M.

TUES. Zoological Society (Sci. Ems.) 1 p. Eight.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, KING HENRY V.; THE QUAKER; and CHAOS IS COME AGAIN.

On Monday, KING HENRY V.; and FRA DIAVOLO.

Tuesday (last time), THE LADY OF LYONS; and LAUGHING-YOUNG.

Wednesday, KING HENRY V.; KATHERINE AND PETRUCCIO; and THE WATERMAN.

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